SUPERMAN
No. 76
SEPT...TEN CENTS
A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION
DC
ACTION

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ACTION COMICS

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A SUPERMAN DC PUBLICATION

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*Because the War Production Board has ordered a reduction in the use of paper, MORE FUN and ADVENTURE will be published bi-monthly; ALL-FLASH, ALL-STAR COMICS, WONDER WOMAN and MUTT & JEFF will become quarterlies; ALL-AMERICAN will be published only eight times a year, and PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE only twice a year until further notice.

FOR SPINE-TINGLING ACTION...

OR RIB-TICKLING HUMOR...

LOOK FOR THIS SUPERMAN D-C SYMBOL !

A SUPERMAN DC PUBLICATION

Yes, that Superman D-C Symbol appears on the cover of twenty-one of the very best comics published...ranging all the way from the action-packed adventures of Superman, Batman and other thrilling heroes to the laugh-loaded humor of Mutt and Jeff, The Three Mouseteers, Dover and Clover and other ha-ha heroes. Whichever you prefer, you'll find your favorites in the comic magazines with the Superman D-C Symbol on the cover. Look for it!

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Printed in U.S.A.

SUPERMAN
by JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER
ALL ASHORE THAT'S GOING ASHORE!
C'MON, YE LAND SWABS, WE'RE WEIGHIN' ANCHOR, SO YE'D BETTER HURRY IF YE WANT TO CLIMB ABOARD THIS SHIP! WE'RE HEADIN' FOR THE HIGH SEAS BOUND FOR STRANGE LANDS AND QUEER CARGO! YE'LL SEE ADVENTURE ON THIS TRIP... AYE, AN MORE THAN THAT, YE'LL BE SIGHTIN' SUPERMAN AN' SOME RIP-SNORTIN' FIGHTIN'! SO COME ABOARD IF YE'VE A MIND TO... WE'RE HOISTIN' SAIL FOR...
"A VOYAGE TO DESTINY!"
INDIA
MADAGASCAR
SUMATRA
DESTINY

THE TIME 1939
OUR STORY BEGINS WITH THE END OF A MAN'S LIFE.
EASY, CAP'N! SOMEBODY WENT TO PIPE HIM ON DECK.
MY BOY? WHERE'S MY BOY?
DAD! THEY JUST TOLD ME! I WAS AT THE CLUB WITH THE CROWD WHEN...
'THE CROWD'? YOUNG SOCIETY FOLK GET TIN' SOFT WITH TOO MUCH MONEY AND TOO LITTLE WORK.
I SEE BRAD'S BEEN HARPING ON HIS FAVORITE SUBJECT AGAIN.
HE'S RIGHT! YOU BEEN PAMPERED TOO LONG! BEFORE I STRUCK IT RICH I SHIPPED FROM MADAGASCAR TO SHANGHAI... DID EVERYTHIN' FROM DIVIN' FER PEARLS TO HUNTIN' WHALE;... I SEEN A LOT... LEARNED A LOT... AND IT MADE A MAN O' ME.'...
ROGER, HERE'S MY LAST WILL AN' TESTAMENT. YOU FOLLOW MY EXACT COURSE, TOUCH THE SAME PORTS, GET THE SAME JOBS I GOT... AN' YOU GET MY WHOLE FORTUNE... IF YOU DON'T, ALL OF IT'LL GO TO CHARITY.
DAD! YOU'RE TALKING TOO MUCH! GET SOME REST.
LISTEN... BRAD, MY LOYAL FIRST MATE ALL THESE YEARS, WILL CHART YOUR COURSE! DON'T THINK HARSH O' ME, SON.... I'M DOIN' IT FOR YOU!... GOOD.. LUCK...
DAD! DAD!
HE CAN'T HEAR YE! MATT CARSON'S JUST SHIPPED OUT... AN' HE AIN'T NEVER COMIN' BACK.
A FEW DAYS LATER... ON A NEARBY WHARF...
THAR SHE BE, LAD! A TRIM CRAFT, EH, MATEY?
GOT IT ALL FIXED, EH? YOUNG ROGER HAS TO SEE THE WORLD AND BECOME A MAN. I'LL BET YOU GAVE DAD THAT IDEA...
AND I'LL BET YOU'RE ONE OF THE 'CHARITIES' THAT WILL GET DAD'S MONEY IF I... UGH!
2

I... I'M SORRY, LAD, BUT YE SHOULDN'T HAVE SAID THET. I BEEN YER PAS SHIPMATE FER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS. SHUCKS, I LOVE YE LIKE M'OWN SON.
YER-RY TOUCHING. OKAY, I HAD THAT POKE COMING TO ME, BUT FROM NOW ON EVERYTHING BETWEEN US IS STRICTLY BUSINESS. YOU'RE JUST MY KEEPER... UNDERSTAND!
AT THAT MOMENT... IN A NEARBY ORPHANAGE, CLARK KENT, DAILY PLANET REPORTER, LEARNS OF CARSON'S ODD WILL...
EITHER WAY SOME BODY LOSES, SOME BODY GAINS. IF ROGER COMES THROUGH, HE GAINS THE FORTUNE AND WE LOSE...
AND IF HE FAILS, THESE KIDS WILL BENEFIT WITH MORE CLOTHES AND BETTER LIVING... SOMETHING THEY CERTAINLY DESERVE!
UNDER FULL SAIL, THE SHIP PLOWS THROUGH THE HEAVING SEA WHILE A PHANTOM HELMSMAN SETS HER WHEEL FOR MADAGASCAR.
AS CLARK LEAVES, ONE THOUGHT OCCUPIES HIS MIND...
IF ROGER WINS, MORE POWER TO HIM. BUT, FROM WHAT I KNOW OF THAT PLAYBOY, HE MAY TRY TO BRIBE HIS WAY AROUND. IN THE INTEREST OF THOSE POOR KIDS BACK THERE, I THINK I'LL MAKE SURE ROGER PLAYS FAIR.
THAT NIGHT, WITH THE HIGH TIDE, A SMALL SHIP APPROPRIATELY NAMED "DESTINY" FILLS HER SAILS AND SLIPS OUT TO SEA.
SON, YE TAKE YER TRICK AT THE WHEEL LIKE AN OLD SALT!
WHY NOT? I'M NO POWDER PUFF! I WASN'T ALL-AROUND CHAMPION ATHLETE AT MY COLLEGE FOR NOTHING, MISTER HALE.
AND ABOARD HER IS A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TO FOLLOW THE SEVEN-LEAGUE FOOTSTEPS OF HIS FATHER!
AND WHILE ROGER GETS HIS SEA LEGS, IN THE SEA ITSELF, A MAN SWIMS... AND PACES THE SHIP'S SPEED.
DESTINY
THINK I'LL GO AHEAD! I'M GETTING TIRED OF JUST TAGGING ALONG SO SLOWLY!
3
MADAGASCAR!
WHAT A DIVE! A FIT PLACE FOR THESE HUMAN DERELICTS! RIFF-RAFF OF THE SEVEN SEAS!
I WOULDN'T SAY... BY THE GREAT HORN SPOON! IT'S HIM!
CAFE

HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA?
PIPE DOWN, YE FOOL! THAT'S YER FATHER'S SWORN ENEMY—BLACK PATCH, THE SEA SHARK! YOU'RE THE IMAGE O' YER DAD—AN' IF HE SEES YE HE'LL SLIT YER THROAT!

MY FATHER'S ENEMY, EH? I'LL BET I CAN TAKE HIM... RIGHT NOW!
THE SHARK'S DEN!
BELAY THAT TALK, BESIDES, HERE'S THE SHARK'S DEN!... AN' YOU'VE GOT TO DO A HITCH AS BOUNCER HERE LIKE YER PA ONCE DONE!

PARDON ME, FRANKENSTEIN!
WADDA YOU WANT, WISE GUY!

OH, NOTHING MUCH... JUST YOUR JOB.
OHHHH!

THAT SAME NIGHT... AS ROSSER TAKES OVER HIS NEW JOB, A BURLY MAN SWAGGERS IN...
(--SHADES O' CAPTAIN KIDD! MATT CARSON! BUT IT CAN'T BE! MATT WAS THIRTY WHEN I WUZ TWENTY! WAIT... HE HAD A KID! KEELHAUL ME FER A SWAB!... THAT'S YOUNG CARSON... MATT'S BOY!--)
LA VIE PARISIENNE

(--TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO I LOST MY PORT EYE WHEN I RAN FOUL O' MATT CARSON'S FISTS! AN EYE FER AN EYE, I SAY... AND THAT KID'S THE APPLE OF MATT'S EYE...!!--)
4

SO YE'RE THE NEW BOUNCER, ARE YE? HAH! RIG IN YER BOOMS, YE'VE RUN INTO A STORM!
UHH-HH!
MESSAGERIE MARITIME

FIRST, I'M GOIN' TO MASH YER PRETTY FACE AN'... UGH!
TALK'S CHEAP, BLACK PATCH.
TOOK THE WIND OUT OF YOUR SAILS, EH, SAILOR!
OOF!
BANG!
FIRST A LITTLE DEMONSTRATION OF THE SKILL OF BOXING AS OPPOSED TO BLUNDERING BRAWN.
AND NOW A BIT OF JUDO! GOOD NIGHT, BLACK PATCH. CONSIDER YOURSELF BOUNCED!
SLAM
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!
BUT THE FIGHT IS NOT OVER... AS BLACK PATCH RETURNS WITH A CUT-THROAT MOB!
C'MON, YE SWABS... WE'LL SWAMP THE CARSON WHELP!
(... I WOULDN'T HELP ROGER IF THE FIGHT WERE EVEN, BUT WITH THOSE ODDS...!)
FOR YOU, MATEY... ULP!
THANKS FOR THE GIFT. I REALLY DIDN'T EXPECT IT.
3 THAT GOOD SAMARITAN SAILOR? SUPERMAN IN DISGUISE!

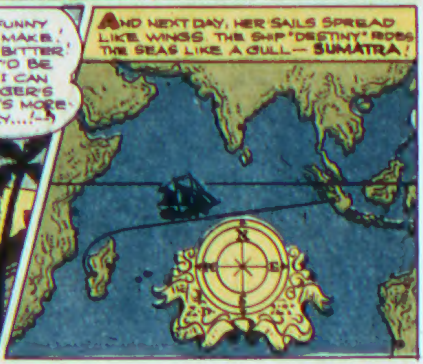
WEARIN' A BULLET-PROOF VEST, EH, WISE GUY? HOW'S YER HEAD? HUH?... THE PIPE BENT!
TCH-TCH! MUST BE CHEAP STEEL!
SUPERMAN!

I COULD MAKE A CHEAP PUN ABOUT TABLING THIS FIGHT, BUT I DON'T THINK I WILL!

CLEANUP TIME, MEN, CLEANUP TIME... AND MAY I ADD — IT ISN'T ALWAYS A NEW BROOM THAT SWEEPS CLEAN... SOMETIMES A GOOD FIST WORKS JUST AS WELL!

I BELIEVE THIS IS YOURS?
THANKS... AND I KNOW JUST WHAT TO DO WITH IT!

HIS CONSCIENCE CLEAR, SUPERMAN TAKES HIS LEAVE...
THANKS AGAIN SUPERMAN! I'M GLAD SOMEBODY IS ON MY SIDE!
(-- THAT'S A FUNNY REMARK TO MAKE! HE SOUNDS BITTER! PERHAPS IT'D BE BETTER IF I CAN WATCH ROGER'S REACTION'S MORE CLOSELY...!-)
6


AND NEXT DAY, HER SAILS SPREAD LIKE WINGS, THE SHIP "DESTINY" RIDES THE SEAS LIKE A GULL— SUMATRA!
N
W
E
S

AND AS ROGER AGAIN LISTENS TO HIS DEAD FATHER'S INSTRUCTIONS, A NEW DECK HAND TAKES THE WHEEL...

SO I'M TO GET A JOB AS FOREMAN FOR ONE WEEK ON A RUBBER PLANTATION,' SHOULD BE EASY! RUBBER COMPANYS PROBABLY SHORT OF HELP.' BUT I DON'T SEE HOW THAT'S GOING TO MAKE A 'MAN' OF ME!

YER PAW WAS A SMART MAN,' HE PIGGERED BY MIXIN' WITH ALL KINDS O' PEOPLE AND WORKIN' ALL KINDS O' JOBS; YE'D L'ARN THERE'S MORE TO LIFE THAN SPENDIN' MONEY.'

NEXT DAY... WITH THE NEW DECK HAND AS HIS AIDE, ROGER SEES LIFE ON A SUMATRA RUBBER PLANTATION ...

YOUR JOB WILL BE TO COUNT THE CANS OF MILKY LATEX -- THAT'S THE RAW RUBBER -- WHEN THE WORKERS CARRY THEM TO THE HAULING TRAIN.'

YES, SIR!

THE END OF DAY... AND AS THE COMPANY LOCOMOTIVE CHUGS BACK TO THE PLANT WITH FOREMEN AND RUBBER ...

HALT, PLEAS-SE! YOU WILL PUT UP YOUR HANDS-S!

HOLY COW! JAP RUBBER BANDITS!

COMPANY ADVANCE' RIFLES TO BEAR ON PRISONERS

(--HM-M' BANDIT LEADER HAS A MILITARY BEARING... AND HIS MEN OBEY WITH MILITARY PRECISION! THIS IS AN ACTUAL ROBBERY BY JAPAN. BUT UNDER THE GUISE OF INDIVIDUAL PIRACY! JAPAN WANTS RUBBER! I WONDER IF THIS MEANS SHE'S GEARING FOR... WAR?--)

PLEAS-SE REMAIN S-STILL WHILE MY MEN TRANS-FER THE RUBBER TO OUR S-SHIP ANCHORED NEARBY!

I'D LIKE TO ANCHOR YOU WITH A POKE ON THE JAW!

(-- ROGER'S ACTING UP AGAIN! METHINKS ITS TIME **SUPERMAN** PUT IN A REPEAT PERFORMANCE!--)

MOVING SO SWIFTLY HIS SPEED CANNOT REGISTER ON THE RETINA OF THE EYE, HE LITERALLY LEAPS FROM HIS SEAMAN GARB...

AT EASE, MEN, AT EASE!

THAT COSTUME... I HAVE SEEN IT IN NEWSREELS-S! **S-SUPERMAN!**

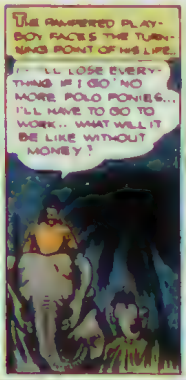
AIIEE!

Y!

WAR WITH THE JAPANESE IN 1939
CHUM LETS PLAY NIP AND TUCK LET'S TUCK THE NIPS AWAY!
OH OH THAT JAP SHIP IS FIRING AT US
CATAPULTING SKYWARD SUPERMAN SNAGS THE SHELL AND SMOTHERS ITS DETONATION WITH HIS CHEST!
THAT'S THAT.. AND WHAT'S THIS? BALLS OF CRUDE RUBBER WHO COULD ASK FOR MORE?
WATCH THE BOUNCING BALLS...
FIFTY-POUND BALLS OF RUBBER WHISTLE FROM SUPERMAN'S HAND AND PROP ON THE ENEMY SHIP.. WITH ASTONISHING RESULTS!
OH! WHAT HAPPENS
BUNNY CANNON-BALLS DO NOT EXPLODE BUT DANGEROUS JUST THE SAME!
NOW FOR A FEW SCOOPS OF LIQUID RUBBER FROM THE TANK.... AND....
OH! MOST UNHAPPY FATE!

OKAY MR SUN YAKI ON YOUR WAY
LOOKS LIKE THE RISING SUN HAS SET FOR AWHILE
FOR AWHILE . YES S S BUT ONLY FOR AWHILE
THERE AFTER ANY S S-SO S SHARKS THEY S SHALL LEARN HOW DANGEROUS S IT CAN BE WHEN WE BOMB THEIR ISLAND FORTRESS-S ... PERHAPS S EVEN THEIR VAUNTED PEARL HARBOR
BACK ON THE SHIP THE DECK HAND TELLS BRAD OF SUPERMAN'S INTERVENTION
AND HE SHOULD HAVE HELPED MR LARSON HERE SAIL INTO THOSE SWABS, WITH
DE DIDN'T GIT HURT DID YE LAD?
NAW, I'M ALL RIGHT, BRA. ER I'M QUITE CAPABLE OF TAKING CARE OF MYSELF, MISTER HALE!
ONE WEEK LATER.. IN A MADAGASCAR CAFE..
THE ONE CALLED CARSON - WURD HAS COME HE HAS SAILED FOR BENGAL! WE FOLLOW HIM THERE AND MAKE HIM PAY FOR INSULTS TO JAPAN YES!
NO THERE IS-S NO NEED FOR IT NOW S-SOON ALL AMERICANS-S WILL BE MORE RES SPECTFUL S-SOON ... VERY S-SOON NOW
CARSON IN BENGAL NOW'S ME CHANCE TO PAY BACK THAT SWAB FOR THAT BUSINESS IN THE SHARK'S DEN.
SAME LATER.. OFF THE COAST OF INDIA...
ROGER THE OLD SKIPPER WOULD'VE BEEN PROUD OF YE KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK, LAD
WAY, UH THANKS, THANKS UH.. SEE YOU LATER
WELL WELL LOOKS LIKE ROGER'S DEFENSES ARE BREAKING DOWN YESSIR THINGS ARE LOOKING UP!
LATER.. ATOP A HUNTING ELEPHANT ROGER WATCHES FOR TIGER SPOOR AS NATIVE JUNGLE BEATERS FORGE AHEAD ..
YES SAILOR I'VE GOT TO FOLLOW MY FATHER'S GHOST AGAIN I'VE GOT TO BAG A TIGER--IN ONE DAY
ONE DAY THAT'S A JOB ! SOME-TIMES IT TAKES DAYS BEFORE A TIGER IS SIGHTED

ABRUPTLY A PANTING NATIVE RUNNER HAILS THEM...
SAHIB... I BRING MESSAGE FROM MAN NAME BLACK PATCH! HE SAY HE KIDNAP OLD BRAD. SAY YOU MUST BOARD HIS SHIP IN ONE HOUR... FIGHT TO FINISH OR HE KILL OLD BRAD.
!--NOW IT'S UP TO ROGER. IF HE DECIDES TO SAVE BRAD IN ONE HOUR IT MEANS THE END OF THIS TIGER HUNT FOR THE DAY... AND THAT MEANS THE END OF HIS FORTUNE! I WONDER WHAT HE'LL DO!--)

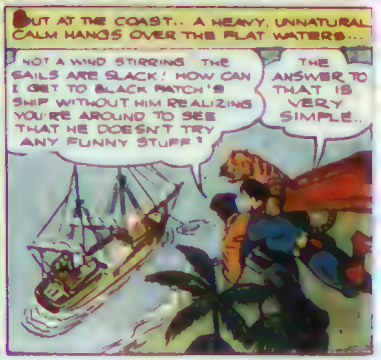

THE PAMPERED PLAY-BOY FACES THE TURNING POINT OF HIS LIFE...
!-- I'LL LOSE EVERYTHING IF I GO! NO MORE POLO PONIES... I'LL HAVE TO GO TO WORK.. WHAT WILL IT BE LIKE WITHOUT MONEY!

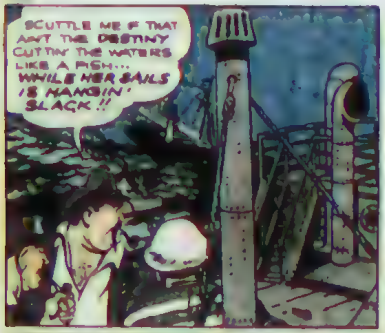
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME ANYWAY! OLD BRAD'S IN DANGER AND I STAND HERE DAWDLING! C'MON LET'S GO BACK TO THE SHIP-- FAST!
GOOD BOY

HOLD IT, ROGER WE'VE GOT TO BAG A TIGER BEFORE WE START BACK!
WHA..?! YOU... YOU WERE SUPERMAN ALL THE TIME!

WITH ONE BOUND, SUPERMAN SOARS OVER THE JUNGLE, HIS X-RAY EYES PIERCING THE GREEN TANGLE UNTIL...
THAT'S WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR!

THAT'S A FAST KNOCKOUT FOR KITTY, NOW FOR A FAST FERRY JOB BACK TO THE GOOD SHIP DESTINY!


OUT AT THE COAST.. A HEAVY, UNNATURAL CALM HANGS OVER THE FLAT WATERS...
NOT A WIND STIRRING THE SAILS ARE SLACK! HOW CAN I GET TO BLACK PATCH'S SHIP WITHOUT HIM REALIZING YOU'RE AROUND TO SEE THAT HE DOESN'T TRY ANY FUNNY STUFF?
THE ANSWER TO THAT IS VERY SIMPLE..

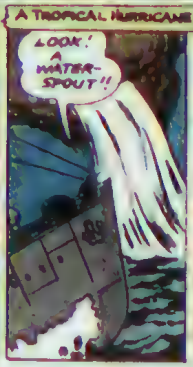

SCUTTLE ME IF THAT AIN'T THE DESTINY CUTTIN' THE WATERS LIKE A FISH... WHILE HER SAILS IS HANGIN' SLACK!!

DESTINY METROPOLIS
SUPERMAN THE SUPER-MOTOR! THE THINGS I DO TO HELP PEOPLE!

AND SOON ROGER STEPS ON DECK--INTO A DEATH TRAP!
ROGER...LAD, I'M RIGHT PROUD YE COME FOR ME, BUT I WISH YE HADN'T!
IF HE'S HURT YOU, BRAD, I'LL...
I'LL DO NOTHIN' EXCEPT MAYBE GIT YERSELF PULL'D! HEAD HAW! HAW! FIRE AT WILL, BOYS!

OKAY, BOYS, YOU CAN DROP THE POP GUNS NOW! YOU CAN'T PLAY ANY MORE GAMES, TODAY
SUPERMAN!

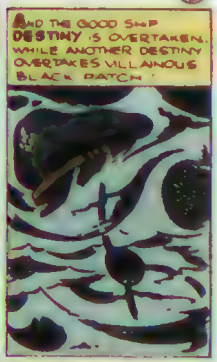
AND AS SUPERMAN LEAPS INTO EXPLOSIVE ACTION, HIGH ABOVE, THE VERY SKIES SEEM TO EXPLODE, TOO!
BOOM

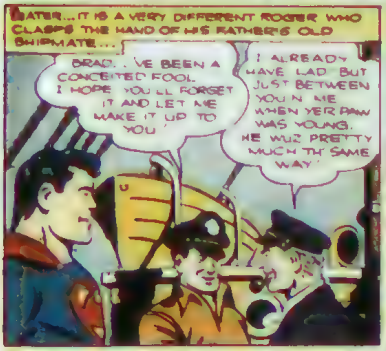

A TROPICAL HURRICANE!
LOOK! A WATER-SPOUT!!

A WATER-SPOUT! A SPINNING TOWER OF TONS OF ANGRY WATERS RUSHING AT THEM AT A MILE-A-MINUTE SPEED!
YA-AA-AAA!

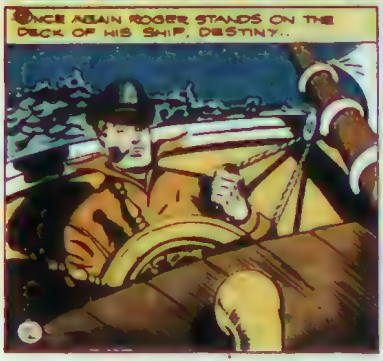
AND IN THAT COLOSSAL TWISTER OF WATER, SUPERMAN FIGHTS AGAINST A FORCE THAT DWARFS EVEN HIS MIGHTY STRENGTH!
I GOT-TO-FIGHT-GOT-TO-GET-FREE

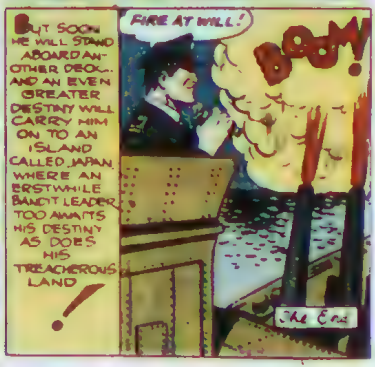
UNTIL AT LAST, IN ONE TITANIC EFFORT--
I CAN ONLY SAVE BRAD AND ROGER NOW. HERE WE GO OUT TO ROGER'S SHIP AND SAFETY!


AND THE GOOD SHIP DESTINY IS OVERTAKEN, WHILE ANOTHER DESTINY OVERTAKES VILLAINOUS BLACK BARTH!


LATER... IT IS A VERY DIFFERENT ROGER WHO CLASPS THE HAND OF HIS FATHER'S OLD SHIPMATE...
BRAD, I'VE BEEN A CONCEITED FOOL. I HOPE YOU'LL FORGET IT AND LET ME MAKE IT UP TO YOU!
I ALREADY HAVE LAD! BUT JUST BETWEEN YOU N ME WHEN YER PAW WAS YOUNG, HE WUZ PRETTY MUCH TH' SAME WAY!

AND SO ROGER GOES ON MATCHING HIS FATHER'S EXPLOITS. AND MONTHS LATER... IN A LAWYER'S OFFICE... PM) SUPERMAN
CONGRATULATIONS, MR. CARSON AS EXECUTOR OF YOUR LATE FATHER'S ESTATE WE ARE AUTHORIZED TO...
BAGGED THE TIGER IN BENGAL. I DON'T WANT THE MONEY! GIVE IT TO CHARITY. I'M GOING OUT TO MAKE MY OWN FORTUNE LIKE FATHER DID.
THAT'S THE LAD YE'RE SPEAKIN' LIKE YER FATHER WOULOVE DONE C'MON LET'S WEIGH ANCHOR


ONCE AGAIN ROGER STANDS ON THE DECK OF HIS SHIP, DESTINY..


BUT SOON HE WILL STAND ABOARD ANOTHER DECK... AND AN EVEN GREATER DESTINY WILL CARRY HIM ON TO AN ISLAND CALLED JAPAN, WHERE AN ERSTWHILE BANDIT LEADER TOO AWAITS HIS DESTINY AS DOES HIS TREACHEROUS LAND!
FIRE AT WILL!
BOOM!
The End

LIGHTER MOMENTS with
fresh Eveready Batteries

"Wait till he throws down some more coconuts"

IF YOU FIND your dealer out of "Eveready" flashlight batteries when you call—please understand this. Most of those we're now able to make go to the armed forces, lend-lease and essential war industries.

If you can't say it with bombs—say it with bonds. Buy those War Bonds every payday!

The word "Eveready" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Company, Inc.

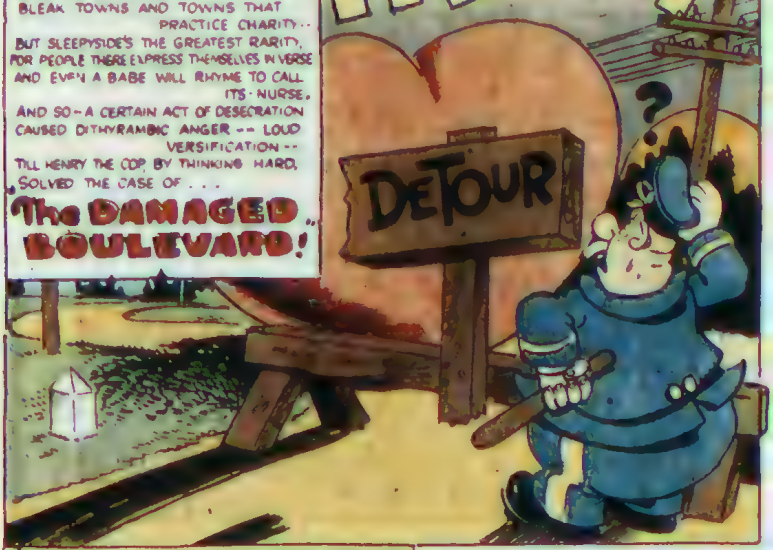
FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER . . . Look for the date line →

EVEREADY
TRADE MARK

HAYFOOT HENRY

EACH TOWN HAS SOME PECULIARITY
SOME ARE GLUM SOME FULL OF HILARITY--
BLEAK TOWNS AND TOWNS THAT
PRACTICE CHARITY--
BUT SLEEPYSIDE'S THE GREATEST RARITY,
FOR PEOPLE THERE EXPRESS THEMSELVES IN VERSE
AND EVEN A BABE WILL RHYME TO CALL
ITS NURSE.
AND SO--A CERTAIN ACT OF DESECRATION
CAUSED DITHYRAMBIC ANGER -- LOUD
VERSIFICATION --
TILL HENRY THE COP BY THINKING HARD,
SOLVED THE CASE OF . . .

The DAMAGED BOULEVARD!



HENRY'S GOT AN INVITATION AN EMBOSSED WHITE CARD,
TO ATTEND THE DEDICATION OF A NEW BOULEVARD.

THOUGH I'M ALL EXCITED I'D BE MORE DELIGHTED
WITH A RHYME FOR "SPECIES BEFORE I GO.
JUST ANOTHER LINE IN MY LEX CON
AND I'D MUCH MORE LIKELY ENJOY
THE SHOW.
2

AS HENRY REACHES THE PLACE OF SPEECHES..
DEAR ME WHAT'S WRONG! JUST HEAR THEM SHOUT! YOU'D THINK THIS WAS A PRIZE RING BOUT!
HENRY, YOU'RE HERE! THE VERY MAN WE NEED! THE CEREMONYS OFF! A MOST NEFARIOUS DEED COMMITTED BY A VANDAL REQUIRES INVESTIGATION! THE NEW ROADS BEEN DESTROYED BY A MONSTER EXCAVATION!
SHOW ME WHERE MR MAYOR!
THERE IT IS. IT WAS DONE LAST NIGHT. NO BLAST WAS HEARD 'TWASN'T DYNAMITE!
PERHAPS PICK AND SHOVEL - BUT I'LL GO DOWN AND SEEK SOME CLUE TO THE VILLAINOUS CLOWN
ER--BY THE WAY--WHAT'S A RHYME FOR SPECIES?
HMM.. HOW ABOUT BABY TALK? CHANGE "FISHES TO "FEESHES BUT I GUESS THAT'S STRETCHING POET'S LICENSE TOO FAR, LIKE SUBSTITUTING ROPE FOR A GOOD CIGAR.
OR SALMON EGGS FOR CAVIAR! HUH- WHAT'S THIS HALF BURIED IN TAR? A HANKERCHIEF! HMM.. GUESS THE VILLAIN LEFT IT HERE. SUCH ABSENT-MINDEDNESS MAY COST HIM DEAR.
WHEW! WHOSE PERFUME IS THIS THAT'S BEING EXUDED? IS THE VANDAL A WOMAN? NOPE, THAT'S EXCLUDED. IT TAKES A STRONG MAN TO DIG SUCH A HOLE. BUT WHY THE PERFUME, AND WHAT WAS HIS GOAL?
SNIFF!
THIS ROAD BY ATTRACTING ALL THE TRAFFIC HEREABOUT, RUINS THE FILLING STATION ON THE FORMER ROUTE!

THE NEW ROAD ALSO PASSES INSOMN A SAMSONS DOOR. HED LOSE PRECIOUS SLEEP WITH THE INCREASED TRAFFIC ROAR
THATS SO AND THERES THE BAKER- WAS IT HE PERHAPS? THE V BRATION OF BIG TRUCKS WOULD MAKE HIS CAKES COLLAPSE.
AVOID HASTY CONCLUSIONS-THIS CASE REQUIRES THOUGHT THIS ROAD MAY NEVER OPEN IF THE VILLAIN ISNT CAUGHT AS SOON AS IT IS REPAIRED A NEW HOLE MAY BE DUG FOR TO KEEP THIS ROUTE FROM BEING USED SEEMED THE PURPOSE OF THE THUG!
SO ONCE MORE AT HOME WE SEE HENRY CONCENTRATE, HIS ONLY CLUE A SCENT WHICH HE CAN'T ASSOCIATE.
I'M TEARING MY HAIR BUT GETTING NOWHERE.
KNOW A RHYME FOR "SPECIES"? IT WOULD MAKE ME FEEL BETTER
SORRY OLD BOY - BUT HERE TAKE YOUR LETTER
WHY THAT'S QUEER- THIS LETTERS SCENTED TOO! AND EXACTLY THE SAME AS THAT HANKY-- A CLUE? LETS SEE WHO IT'S FROM THEN I'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO!
SLAM
The town is cordially invited by Miss Iena Doone To attend her marriage at the hour of noon Two months hence at the home of the bride. To Sweetsides bus driver Alex McNide.
SENT BY MISS DOONE! I GOT HOPEFUL TOO SOON!
THE VERY SAME SCENT, BUT JUST COINCIDENTAL. SHE COULDN'T BE MY VILLAIN-- SHES TOO FRAIL TO LIFT A LENTIL.

BUT WAIT--I'VE GOT AN ANGLE! BY GOSH--I'VE SOLVED THE TANGLE!
INCONTROVERTIBLE LOGIC IS ON MY SIDE! THE VILLAIN IS THE BUS DRIVER, ALEX McNIDE!
QUICK AS A FLASH TO THE HOME OF THE DRIVER GOES HENRY TO NAB THE ROAD-WRECKING CONNIVER!
OPEN, McNIDE, IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!
OKAY - DON'T SHOUT SO! YOU'LL LOOSEN YOUR JAW!
I'LL ARREST YOU FOR WRECKING THE NEW BOULEVARD!
OKAY WITH ME YOU'LL FIND PROVING IT HARD!
HENRY: I FEAR YOU'RE OUT OF THE GROOVE. AFTER ALL, YOU'VE GOT A MOTIVE TO PROVE!
YOUR COMPANY WANTED YOUR BUS RE-ROUTED ALONG THE NEW ROAD. I HEARD ALL ABOUT IT!
AND THE NEW ROUTE DOESN'T PASS THE HOME OF YOUR WIFE-TO-BE SO YOU COULDN'T WAVE TO HER AS YOU DID FORMERLY. THIS WAS A MAJOR CRISIS TO ONE SO MUCH IN LOVE AS TO CARRY HER SCENTED HANKY TO REMIND HIM OF HIS DOVE.
SO YOU WRECKED THE BOULEVARD, KNOWING THAT THE REPAIR WOULD TAKE TILL YOU WERE MARRIED, AFTER WHICH YOU WOULDN'T CARE!
HENRY YOU'RE A GENIUS! I CAN'T DENY THE TRUTH! BUT I WON'T GO TO JAIL AND WASTE AWAY MY YOUTH!

CHASING'S A WASTE OF NEEDED STRENGTH SINCE MY RHYME MAY TAKE ME ALL NIGHT. I'VE A BIGGER HEAD THOUGH HE'S BIGGER IN LENGTH SO I'LL TRY THIS TO STOP HIS FLIGHT!
HUH, I CAN'T SEE! OUCH A TREE!
IT'S NOT TO JAIL YOU I EFFECTED YOUR CAPTURE, I KNOW MEN GET FOOLISH BECAUSE OF LOVES RAPTURE JUST GIVE ME YOUR PROMISE TO PAY BACK THE DOUGH FOR FIXING THE ROAD AND I'LL LET YOU GO!
ACCEPT MY GRATITUDE FOR YOUR GENEROUS ATTITUDE!
LITTLE LATER, THE MAYOR LEARNS ALL AS HENRY REPORTS TO CITY HALL.
AND I STILL HAVE THE HANKY, THE SCENT IS QUITE RICH,
WITH MY POOR SENSE OF SMELL, I CAN'T TELL WHICH FROM WHICH!
THERE ARE VERY FEW THINGS I CAN SMELL WITH EASE SUCH AS OLD LIMBURGER OR A GOOD BRIE CHEESE.
EUREKA! THATS IT! IT RHYMES WITH "SPECIES"!
BRIE CHEESE... SPECIES... IT MAKES ME FEEL QUITE MERRY! I CAN'T WAIT TO WRITE IT IN MY RHYMING DICTIONARY!

"He likes his Wheaties double-toasted."

YOU'LL LIKE WHEATIES AS IS. BIG FLAKES OF RICH WHOLE WHEAT. TOASTED JUST RIGHT. CRISP AND CRUNCHY AND FLAVORED WITH TANGY, MALT-SWEET SYRUP

YES, WHEATIES ARE MIGHTY GOOD EATING. GOOD FOR YOU, TOO. THOSE SWELL TASTING FLAKES ARE PACKED WITH THE WIDELY-KNOWN ESSENTIAL NOURISHMENT OF REAL WHOLE WHEAT. THE SAME CONCENTRATED FOOD VALUES SO MANY BIG-TIME ATHLETES GET WHEN THEY BUILD THEIR BREAKFAST LINE-UP AROUND A MAN-SIZED BOWL OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES. "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

WHEATIES DELIVER THE KIND OF CHAMPION NOURISHMENT YOU WANT TO GET. AND THEY'RE LOADED WITH A "SECOND HELPING" FLAVOR YOU REALLY ENJOY. SO PUT IN YOUR BID FOR PLENTY OF MILK AND FRUIT AND WHEATIES. THAT FAMOUS "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS," WHEATIES, IS YOUR KIND OF DISH.

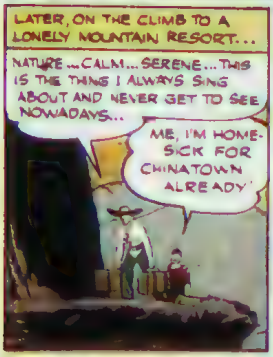
"Breakfast of Champions"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of GENERAL MILLS, INC.

VIGILANTE
BY MORT MORTIN JR.
SINISTER STILL UNEXPLORED IT TOWERS UP AND UP INTO THE BLUE... BEYOND HUMAN SIGHT... AND THE CONSTANT THREAT OF DEATH LURKS IN THE JAGGED ROCKS OF THAT MOUNTAIN AS DESPERATE MEN CLAW AND FIGHT THE DIZZY HEIGHTS IN VAIN... UNTIL THE ROPIN', FIGHTIN', QUICK-THINKIN' VIGILANTE, WITH PLUCKY STUFF THE CHINATOWN KID, BOUND FOR A PEACEFUL VACATION, FIND MYSTERY AND CRIME ON THE SKY-HIGH, PERILOUS SLOPES OF... "THE MOUNTAIN WITHOUT A TOP!"

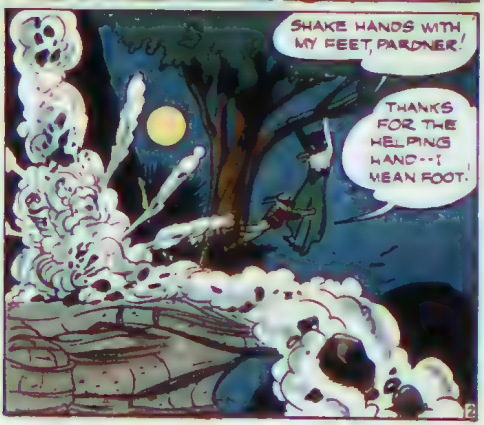
GREG SANDERS, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOR, TAKES PLEASURE IN THE PROSPECT OF A DOUBLE VACATION...
NO SINGING AND NO CRIME-HUNTING JUST BEING LAZY...
HUH! I'LL BELIEVE IT WHEN I SEE IT.


LATER, ON THE CLIMB TO A LONELY MOUNTAIN RESORT...
NATURE...CALM...SERENE...THIS IS THE THING I ALWAYS SING ABOUT AND NEVER GET TO SEE NOWADAYS...
ME, I'M HOME-SICK FOR CHINATOWN ALREADY!

SUDDENLY...
LOOK OUT, P.T.! HERE COMES SOME NATURE AT YOU!
HEY--

THANKS FOR THE FRIENDLY PUSH!
GIMME A CITY TAXI EVERYTIME--AT LEAST TAXIS HONK THEIR HORNS.

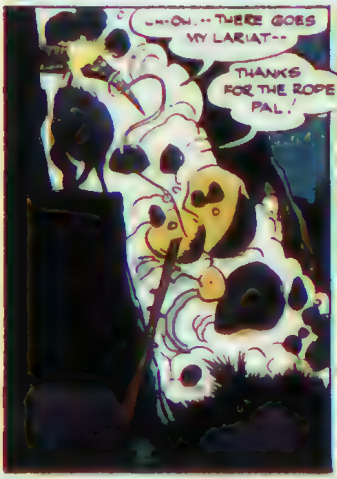
THE DANGER ISN'T OVER--AN OMINOUS RUMBLING FILLS THE AIR..
MOVIN' MOUNTAIN! HERE COMES THE WHOLE WORKS!
IT'S A SLIDE--THAT BOULDER MUST HAVE STARTED IT!


SHAKE HANDS WITH MY FEET, PARDNER!
THANKS FOR THE HELPING HAND--I MEAN FOOT!

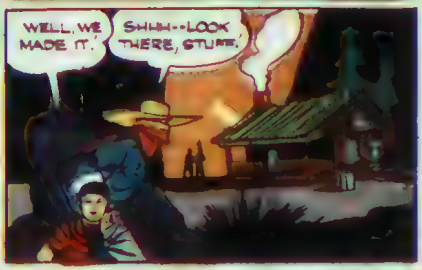
SO THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE PEACEFUL NATURE. ME FOR A CHINATOWN STREET ANYTIME.
SAY, THERE'S A GROUP OF CLIMBERS HEADING FOR OUR HOTEL! THEY LOOK PRETTY DISCOURAGED.
WE'LL NEVER REACH THE TOP OF THAT MOUNTAIN!
MAYBE IT HASN'T GOT A TOP!
ONE AVALANCHE AFTER ANOTHER--
AND OUR ROPES KEEP SNAPPING
LUCKY OUR ROPE DID BREAK--THAT REALLY SAVED US!
SURE--WE'D HAVE BEEN CAUGHT IN THAT ROCK SLIDE HIGHER UP, OTHERWISE
WE JUST MADE THAT CAVE IN TIME...
ONE QUICK, EXPERT GLANCE AT THE SNAPPED ROPES AND THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOR BECOMES THE ROGUE-ROPIN' VIGILANTE!
HMM...THAT'S STRANGE!
WHO'S THIS COMIN'? A LONE-WOLF PEAK-PUSHER?
SOOO! I AM YET ZE GREAT PIERRE VANTON, WORL' BES' MOUNTAIN CLIMBAR! NO ONE PASS ME TODAY--HA, HA!
MODEST, ISN'T HE?
HE DOES HOLD MORE CLIMBIN' RECORDS THAN ALL OF US--
SAAY, VANTON...WHY DON'T YOU EVER GET CAUGHT IN SLIDES? OR HAVE YOUR ROPES SNAP? WOULD YOU TRY MURDER TO WIN THIS RACE UP THE MOUNTAIN?
HA, HA! ALL JEALOUS... ALL... HA HA.
THAT'S AN IDEA...MAYBE HE'S DON'T
IF WE PROVE YOU STARTED THOSE SLIDES, WE'LL...
BAD CLIMBARS ALWAYS MAKE EXCUSE...PEERE VANTON, HE NOT TALK... HE CLIMB!
WHOA, THAR, YUH WRANGLIN' BUNCH O' MOUNTAIN GOATS!

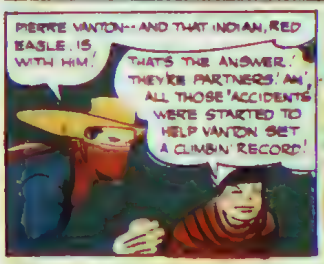
YUH'RE DRIVIN' ME CRAZY-- FIGHTIN' FOR CLIMBIN RECORDS--AN TEYIN' TO GET KILLED EVERY DAY-- WISH YUH'D ALL LEAVE MY PLACE
WE'LL GO, STICKLEY... WHEN WE TOP THAT PEAK!
MOMENTS LATER--AS STUFF SHUTS THE DOOR OF THEIR ROOM...
HUH! THOUGHT YOU CAME UP HERE TO BE LAZY!
THERE'S A MYSTERY TO THIS "NO-TOP" MOUNTAIN AND THE VIGILANTE IS GOING TO SOLVE IT.
A ROCK FRAYS A ROPE ROUGH LIKE THIS..
SO WHAT?
BUT ALL THOSE CLIMBING ROPES I PICKED UP ARE CUT CLEAN.. THEY WERE CUT BY A MAN USING SOMETHING SHARP.
SO MAYBE WE'RE ON THE CRIME-HUNT AGAIN-- LET'S MOSEY UP THE MOUNTAIN!
PARDNER, TROUBLE FOLLOWS US AND VICE VERSA--
ON THE MOUNTAIN TRAIL, THE VIGILANTE'S KEEN EYES DETECT SOMETHING OUT OF PLACE...
NEVER SAW BUSHES GROW FEATHERS BEFORE...
I DON'T SEE ANYTHING-- BUT HERE I GO!
SAY! THIS SNEAKIN' VARMINT CARRIES A KNIFE AND A BOW AND ARROWS!
HE'S OUR ROPE-CUTTER MOST LIKELY!
VIGILANTE! -- ME TELL, ME TELL!

VIGILANTE PLENTY SMART. OTHERS THINK ROCKS CUT ROPES.. BUT RED EAGLE SHOOT ROPE WITH SHARP HUNTING ARROW.
YOU MURDERER-...
WAIT-- LET HIM TALK--
RED EAGLE NO TRY TO KILL--HE SAVE MEN--SHOOT ROPE SO WHITE MEN STOP NEAR CAVE--THEN ALL NOT DIE WHEN ROCKS SLIDE HIGH UP WHERE EVIL SPIRIT LIVE.'
CAN WE BELEVE THIS DOUBLE TALK, VIG?
WE TALK WITH STRAIGHT TONGUE TO VIGILANTE. BETTER NO CLIMB MOUNTAIN WHERE SPIRIT SETS TRAPS.'
WELL... REMEMBER, THE CLIMBERS WERE SAVED JUST THAT WAY....
THANKS, RED EAGLE, BUT WE'RE HEADED UP, AND STOP SHOOTING AT ROPES.'
AND SO, UNDAUNTED BY RED EAGLE'S WARNING, THE VIGILANTE AND STUFF RESUME THEIR SKYWARD CLIMB...UNTIL NO-TOP MOUNTAIN AGAIN BARES ITS FANGS...
THAT ROARING-- IT'S AN AVALANCHE.
AND NO PLACE TO JUMP.'
SWIFTLY, A TWIRLED NOOSE HOOKS A SPLINTER OF ROCK HIGH ABOVE...
UNDER THAT LEDGE-- IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE--
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D LEARN TO FLY.'
5

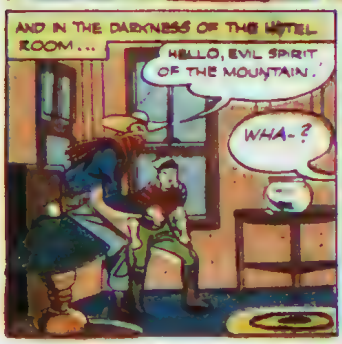

...OH... THERE GOES MY LARIAT...
THANKS FOR THE ROPE PAL!

SHORTLY...
'TS A LONG WAYS BACK TO THE HOTEL, STURR! WITHOUT MY ROPE, IT'LL BE HARD WORK!
SLOW AND EASY DOES IT PARDNER. THIS MOUNTAIN IS SORT OF TOUCHY!


WELL, WE MADE IT!
SHHH--LOOK THERE, STURR.


PIERRE VANTON--AND THAT INDIAN, RED EAGLE, IS WITH HIM!
THAT'S THE ANSWER! THEY'RE PARTNERS! AN' ALL THOSE 'ACCIDENTS' WERE STARTED TO HELP VANTON SET A CLIMBIN' RECORD!

LOOK, MIG! THEY'RE CLIMBIN THROUGH THAT WINDOW!
WE'LL FOLLOW 'EM! IT'S TIME WE GOT TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!

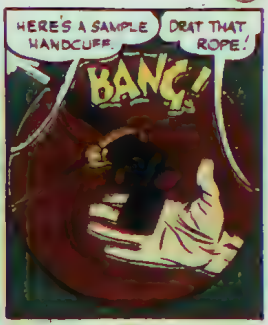

AND IN THE DARKNESS OF THE HOTEL ROOM...
HELLO, EVIL SPIRIT OF THE MOUNTAIN!
WHA-?

OWW! THAT WAS NO SPOOK!
THESE GHOSTS HAVE SOLID KNUCKLES!

THEY ASKED FOR IT, STUGS! GIVE IT TO THEM!
QUICK! WE MUST GET OUT!
THEY'RE GIVING US THE SLIP!
TACKLE 'EM LOW!
BUT AS THE DUO LAUNCHES A DOUBLE FLYING LEAP...
SLINK!
HOURS LATER...
OWW! MY HEAD! BUT AT LEAST WE'RE STILL ALIVE!
HMM...THAT'S QUEER IN ITSELF. THEY DIDN'T TRY TO KILL US. GEE... THESE PEBBLES...WE MUST HAVE SLIPPED ON THEM!
THIS BUMP IS BIGGER'N MY HEAD!
WELL...THESE AREN'T JUST PEBBLES, AND THIS ROOM IS--STUFF, I THINK I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND THINGS!
I'LL GO GET MY SPARE LARIAT--WE'RE GOING TO CLIMB NO-TOP MOUNTAIN AGAIN!
HUH? WHAT FOR?
BECAUSE THIS PUZZLE IS MORE MIXED UP THAN YOU THINK, STUFF!
HOW CAN A GUY THINK AFTER THAT BOP ON THE BRAIN?

ONCE MORE THE STONE FACE OF THE MOUNTAIN SWARMS WITH MEN-- WHO CLIMB FOR DIFFERENT REASONS!
LOOK-OVER THERE-- THAT CUCKOO CLUB IS STILL AT IT!
YES, BUT THE OTHERS--
THEM'S THE BIRDS WE WANT!
I'M NO SO SURE, STUFF, BUT AFTER THEM, ANYHOW--
I WAS JUST THINKIN' VIC-- DID YOU COME HERE TO REST?
STOP THINKIN', PARD-- JUST CLIMB!
LOOK, WE CAN USE THEIR STUFF--THEY'RE NOT SO SMART!
WE'LL GET SMARTER LATER ON, MAYBE! UP WE GO!
FRYIN' FISH! NOW THEY'RE TRYIN' TO GET STICKNEY!
LOOKS THATAWAY--
LET HIM GO, YUH FEATHERED POLECATS!
STUFF ALWAYS JUMPS IN BEFORE HE LOOKS!

THANKS, YUH DANG FOOL YUH CAME JUST IN TIME!
HUH--?


HERE'S A SAMPLE HANDCUFF.
DRAT THAT ROPE!
BANG!

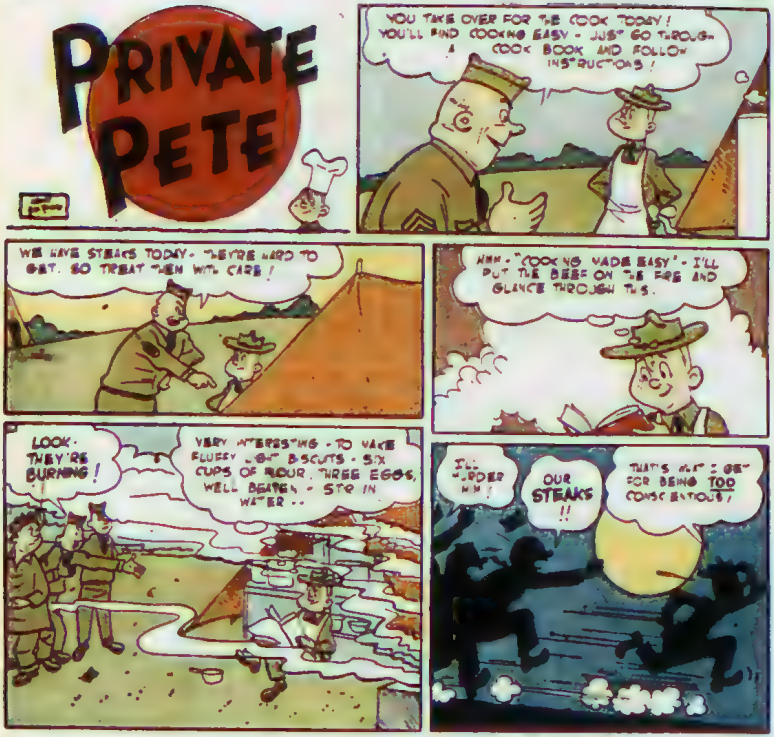
THE LAST SLIDE--MY BIGGEST ONE--I'LL WIPE YUH ALL OUT-- AND MY SECRET WILL STILL BE SAFE!

THIS IS YOUR 'LAST CHASE, VIGILANTE!'
THAT'S WHAT ALL CROOKS THINK!'
SO THE SLIDE MAKER WAS STICKNEY.'

THE VIGILANTE'S ROPE SNAKES OUT--
DON'T MOVE THAT BOULDER, STICKNEY.' IF WE GO OVER... YOU COME TOO'
RATS.'

CURSE YUH, VIGILANTE--THE MOUNTAIN WAS ALL MINE TILL YUH CAME!
NO IT WASN'T, STICKNEY.' THIS RANGE IS GOVERNMENT PROPERTY, AND YOU KNOW IT.'

AND SO IS THAT BIG POCKET OF GOLD NUGGETS YOU DISCOVERED UP HERE! REMEMBER, STUFF!.. WE SLIPPED ON SOME PEBBLES LAST NIGHT-- YELLOW PEBBLES... AND IN STICKNEY'S ROOM!
BUT WHAT ABOUT THESE TWO HERE!
SPORT, NOT GOLD, WAS WHAT THEY WERE AFTER
RED EAGLE TRAIL EVIL MAN OF MOUNTAIN LONG TIME-- NOW VIGILANTE CATCH!
YOU TWO WERE BEGINNING TO SURMISE THE TRUTH, WEREN'T YOU?
YES! THAT IS WHY WE TRIED TO SEARCH STICKNEY'S ROOM LAST NIGHT!
GOT TO GO NOW! YOU CAN HAND THAT GOLD CACHE AND STICKNEY OVER TO THE LAW! SO LONG.
CURSE NOW GONE FROM DEVIL MOUNTAIN. NOW I CLIMB TO TOP!
SO LONG, VIGILANTE!
LATER--
NOW WE ALL CLIMB 'NO-TOP'-- WITHOUT SLIDES!
WHERE'S EVERYBODY BEEN? I'VE BEEN TAKING THINGS EASY!
YOU DONT KNOW WHAT YOU MISSED, GREGG!
SOME VACATION, HUH?


PRIVATE PETE
YOU TAKE OVER FOR THE COOK TODAY! YOU'LL FIND COOKING EASY - JUST GO THROUGH A COOK BOOK AND FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS!
WE HAVE STEAKS TODAY - THEY'RE HARD TO GET. SO TREAT THEM WITH CARE!
MMM - "COOKING MADE EASY" - I'LL PUT THE BEEF ON THE FIRE AND GLANCE THROUGH THIS.
LOOK - THEY'RE BURNING!
VERY INTERESTING - TO MAKE FLUFFY "BIT" BISCUITS - SIX CUPS OF FLOUR, THREE EGGS, WELL BEATEN - STIR IN WATER..
I'LL LUBBER HIM!
OUR STEAKS!!
THAT'S WHAT I GET FOR BEING TOO CONSCIENTIOUS!

SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE
(Code Uranus No. 6)

ZNXUC AYKT ZOT IGTY UT ZNK YGRBGMK NKGV ZNGZ'Y ZNK VATIN ZNG. Z'RR VAZ ZNK NAT ZU YRKKV!

SUPERMAN, 76
c/o ACTION COMICS,
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME ..... AGE .....

STREET ADDRESS .....

CITY AND STATE .....

ACTUAL MODELS ILLUSTRATED
Hollow Fuselage
Over 9" Wing Spread

Build and FLY!

THE ALLIES' ACE ATTACK PLANES

AIRACOBRA P-39 | STORMOVIK IL-2

Get these flying models of the deadly low-altitude fighters that strafe and bomb Jap and German ground forces in support of advancing allied troops. America's fast-striking, nose-cannoned *Bell P-39 Airacobra*. And the plane the Nazis fear—the *IL-2 Stormovik*, which hurls Russia's famous tank tearing rocket bombs

Build them yourself from the newest of the *Jack Armstrong Tru-Flite Fighter Model Kits*. You receive complete unassembled models, laid out in full color on specially treated cover stock. A top notch assembly job takes about two hours.

Your planes actually fly! Yes, the models you build are designed to glide and soar up to 75 feet when launched by hand. And when you rig them for O line flight they can be guided into simulated bomb ing dives and strafing sweeps

They can take it. Your Airacobra and Stormovik models are built for top speed and real maneuverability. They're built for ruggedness, too. You can send them on hundreds of fighting forays—indoors and out—without serious damage to the ships

Start a squadron of the world's most famous fighters. These two planes are numbers 11 and 12 in a series of battle famous aircraft which are *your extra dividend* for eating Wheaties. Get complete information on how you can obtain every one of these fast flying models. *And get acquainted* with champion nourishment and zippy flavor and good fun—in a heaping bowlful of milk, fruit, and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions."

FREE!

WITH TWO WHEATIES BOX TOPS

LIMITED OFFER—SEND NO MONEY. To get complete assembly kits for cutting out your Airacobra P-39 and Stormovik IL-2—just send your name and address with two Wheaties box tops to Jack Armstrong, Box 7140, Chicago, Illinois. Send no money—put your dimes in War Stamps. But remember this special offer is good only while limited supplies last, or until October 1, 1944. So send at once! Today!

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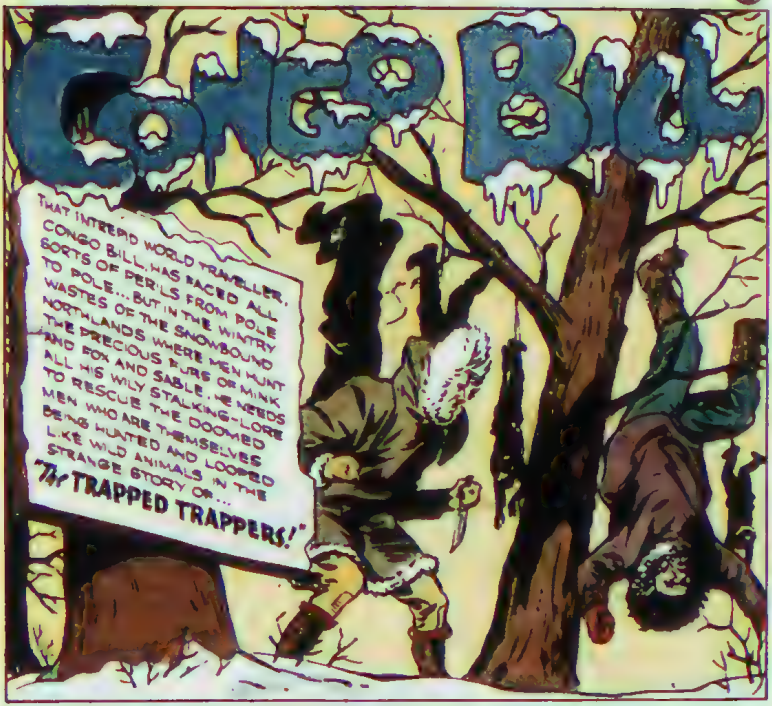
"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"
WITH MILK AND FRUIT


CONGO Bill
THAT INTREPID WORLD TRAVELLER, CONGO BILL, HAS RACED ALL SORTS OF PERILS FROM POLE TO POLE... BUT IN THE WINTRY WASTES OF THE SNOWBOUND NORTHLANDS WHERE MEN HUNT THE PRECIOUS FURS OF MINK AND FOX AND SABLE, HE NEEDS ALL HIS WILY STALKING-LORE TO RESCUE THE DOOMED MEN WHO ARE THEMSELVES BEING HUNTED AND LOOPED LIKE WILD ANIMALS IN THE STRANGE STORY OF...
"The TRAPPED TRAPPERS!"

THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD IS CONGO BILL'S TO ROAM. FROM THE TEEMING TROPICS TO THE LAND OF SILENT SNOW...
I COULD USE SOME OF THAT JUNGLE HEAT UP HERE NEAR THE ARCTIC CIRCLE! HUH...? WHAT'S THAT?

QUICKLY, BILL'S SNOWSHOES SPEED HIM TO A NOOSED TRAPPER!
A GIANT COIL-TRAP OF STEEL!

THE LOOP WAS BURIED UNDER THE SNOW OF THE TRAIL. THIS CHAP STEPPED INTO IT AND WAS CAUGHT, JUST LIKE A FOX OR A RABBIT
SOON... LIFE RETURNS TO THE ALMOST FROZEN FORM
THAT'S BETTER... YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT
THANKS TO YOU, CONGO B... : : : WAS ALMOST DONE, FOR
MY NAME'S BARTON... THERE'S A ROCHE CACHE OF FURS IN MY CABIN. GOT TO GET BACK SOME SCULKING THIEFS BEEN CLEANING OUT ALL US TRAPPERS THIS WINTER
I'D BETTER TAG ALONG. I WONDER WHAT FOOL HUNTER SET THAT TRAP RIGHT ON YOUR GAME TRAIL?
PRESENTLY...
THERE'S MY PLACE NOW! HEY LOOK! I'VE BEEN BURNED OUT TOO!
HMM... I KIND OF THOUGHT THAT TRAP BACK THERE WAS NO ACCIDENT.
ALL MY SEASON'S CATCH OF FURS GONE! FIRST JENKINS, THEN OLSEN... AND NOW ME!
WHAT ARE THESE?
TOBOGGAN TRACKS! THEY'VE BEEN FOUND NEAR THE RUINED CABINS EACH TIME! I'M GLAD TO BE ALIVE ... BUT THOSE MARKS SCARE ME.
BUT WHERE DO THEY END?
CONGO BILL FINDS THAT THE MYSTERIOUS FURROWS BEGIN AND END IN THIN AIR.!
ESKIMOS HEREABOUTS CALL THEM THE DEVIL'S FOOTPRINTS. NO SLED EVER MADE THEM.
LUCKY I'VE GOT SOME TRAPS AND SUPPLIES BUNKED HERE. I'VE GOT TO START ALL OVER AGAIN
MEANWHILE I'LL SCOUT AROUND! THOSE ESKIMO SUPERSTITIONS INTEREST ME
2

GHOSTS DON'T STEAL PRECIOUS FURS.. OR DO THEY?... HELLO! THERE'S ANOTHER TRAPPER!
HOWDY, STRANGER! MAYBE WE CAN TRAVEL TOGETHER FOR COMPANY'S SAKE!
STAY AWAY FROM ME!
I WARNED EVERYBODY OFF MY FUR TRAILS.
HEY, WAIT! LET ME EXPLAIN!
PESKY SNOOPERS! I'LL FIX YOU
I DODGED THAT ONE ...AND I DON'T NEED FIXING!
I'M CONGO BILL! I KNOW YOU TRAPPERS HAVE BEEN LOSING SKINS, BUT...
I DON'T TRUST NOBODY. NEXT MAN TRESPASSES ON THESE STAKED LANDS, I'LL SHOOT HIM!
GO ON AHEAD, MY FIGHTING FRIEND! BUT I'LL TRAIL YOU! FUR TRAPPERS SHOULD CARRY TRAPS, NOT RIFLES!
SO... HE HASN'T SET ANY TRAPS YET...AND NOW HE'S HEADED FOR THAT CLUMP OF TREES... IT'S GETTING DARKER...

SILENTLY... SKILLFULLY... AFTER LONG HOURS OF STEALTHY STALKING... BILL APPROACHES THE DIMLY LIGHTED WINDOW OF A HIDDEN CABIN...
BUT FOXY.. HE DIDN'T FOLLOW ME, I TELL YUH!
STILL, IF IT'S CONGO, WE'D BETTER GET THAT LAST LOAD OF FURS INTO THE CITY TOMORROW, WE'LL BE THERE IN FIVE HOURS!
WE CLEANED OUT PLENTY OF TRAPPERS DIS SEASON... ALL WE COULD REACH, AN' WE REACHED PLENTY HAW! HAW!
WE START AT DAWN! NOW LIGHTS OUT AND SLEEP!
THEY'RE CROOKS, NOT TRAPPERS BUT HOW CAN THEY GET TO A CITY 1,000 MILES AWAY IN FIVE HOURS! LOOK - THOSE TOBOGGAN TRACKS AGAIN!
THE GHOSTLY GROOVES LEAD CONGO BILL ON AND ON... DOWN A LONG LANE OF TALL TREES...
WHAT'S THAT, AHEAD! ALL COVERED WITH PINE BRANCHES...
SO THAT'S IT! THAT EXPLAINS EVERYTHING! BUT THEY'RE STILL TOO MANY FOR ME TO HANDLE ALONE!
A DARING PLAN FORMS IN THE MASTER HUNTER'S MIND...
I HAVE LOTS OF WORK BEFORE DAWN! GOT TO SET SOME TRAPS OF MY OWN!
NEXT MORNING, AS THE GRAY DAWN GROWS PALER, CONGO BILL WAITS.
...GO AFTER THOSE CROOKS TRAPPED THE TRAPPERS. THE SKI LANDING GEAR LEFT THOSE TOBOGGAN TRACKS, OTHER TRACKS... PRETTY SLICK SET-UP! NOW LET'S SEE IF MY IDEA WORKS...
THE PILED BRANCHES UNCOVER A TWO-MOTORED AIRLINER
4

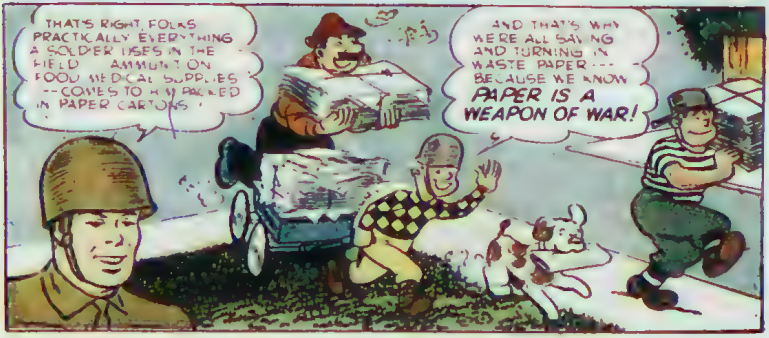
HERE SHE COMES! BIGGEST BIRD OF PREY I'VE EVER SEEN IN THE NORTH... BUT THERE'S A WAY TO CATCH BIRDS!
NOW THEY WILL KNOW HOW THEIR TRAPPED VICTIMS FELT!
THAT KNOCKED OUT A FEW, I HOPE... I'LL TRY TO HANDLE THE REST!
HERE'S ONE I FORGOT TO GIVE YOU YESTERDAY
OOWW! JUS' LIKE WE TRAPPED DOSE HUNTERS!
SO YOU CAN'T BEAR THE BEAR-TRAPS I SET, EH?
5

IT'S CONGO BILL! GET M... HE'S ALONE!
NOT WHILE I'VE GOT A TREE, I'M NOT!

THIS IS KNOWN AS THE PINE-TREE BRUSH-OFF
OOFF!

YOU'VE BEEN OUTFOXED, FOXY! THIS IS THE LAST OUT... THE BALL-GAME'S OVER!

QUICKLY, CONGO BILL SECURES HIS DAZED PRISONERS!
YOU'RE ALL SAFE... AND YOU WON'T FREEZE LIKE THOSE TRAPPERS YOU HUNTED. AND I'LL SOON BE BACK WITH THE ARCTIC POLICE AND THE MEN WHO REALLY OWN THOSE FURS!


THAT'S RIGHT, FOLKS PRACTICALLY EVERYTHING A SOLDIER USES IN THE FIELD — AMMUNITION, FOOD, MEDICAL SUPPLIES — COMES TO HIM PACKED IN PAPER CARTONS!
AND THAT'S WHY WE'RE ALL SAVING AND TURNING IN WASTE PAPER — BECAUSE WE KNOW PAPER IS A WEAPON OF WAR!

QUIZ QUIX

PROF OWLY-WAKK.

HERE WE ARE AGAIN, CHILLUN, WITH ANOTHER PACKAGE OF THOSE TEASING TANTALIZING TWISTERS - BET THEY GET YOU DOWN! THOUGH! YOU CAN STOOP OVER TO THE RIGHT HAND CORNER OF EACH PANEL AND FIND THE ANSWER!

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE NORTH POLE AND THE SOUTH POLE - ?

ALL THE DIFFERENCE IN THE WORLD

HOW MANY PEAS ARE THERE IN A PINT ?

74 75 76 77 78 !

ONE, P`

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A HILL AND A PILL ?

I KNEW THIS OL' JALOPPY D NEVER MAKE IT!

A HILL IS HARD TO GET UP — AND A PILL IS HARD TO GET DOWN.

WHY CAN YOU NEVER EXPECT A FISHERMAN TO BE GENEROUS - ?

RIGHT OFF THE BOAT, PAL. # 2.45 .!

BECAUSE HIS BUSINESS MAKES HIM SELL FISH

WHY IS AN ALL-DAY CANDY SUCKER LIKE A HORSE ?

AW COME ON RED! REMEMBER HALVESY!!

BECAUSE THE MORE YOU LICK IT THE FASTER IT GOES.

WHAT IS THAT WHICH OCCURS ONCE IN A MINUTE — TWICE IN A MOMENT — AND NOT ONCE IN A HUNDRED YEARS ?

cat katz 6 X 0 = 60

I GAVE THIS ONE UP TOO !!

THE LETTER 'M'

ON THE HOOF

by Tod Lowry

HI DOLLIVER, Boonetown's skinny telegrapher, bellied up to the Tivoli's bar and ordered whiskey. He jerked his thumb toward the two "WANTED" placards on the far wall and said importantly to Bob Arlen, the saloon's owner: "You can take one of them down."

"You don't say? Which one?"

"The one for Frank Harper. Killed dead-o."

"How do you know?"

"Telegram come in last night. The other varmint got away and is supposed to be headin' for these parts. You might know it, with the Sheriff laid up, and no deputy."

"Who got Harper?"

"Hombre by the name of Harkness."

Arlen nodded. "Rod Harkness. I heard tell of him. He's a Marshal." The saloonkeeper looked up at the placards again. In each case they specified that the reward of five thousand dollars was payable only if the man was taken alive.

"Hoss Raisers' Association sure is persnickety about the way they want critters brought in," he said regretfully.

"Law and order. Shootin' don't work so good, they claim. There's just as many outlaws as there ever was. So they want legal hangin's. Figger that a hangin' is more discouragin' to other varmints."

Arlen reached under the bar for a claw-hammer, came around, and commenced to pull the nails out of one of the notices.

"What you don', Bob?" a poker-player called.

"You got eyes, Pete Crabtree," Arlen called back. "I'm takin' down Frank Harper's picture. He got himself killed."

"Good," snapped Mart Simmons, owner of the Three-X horse ranch. "That's one less of 'em."

"You might have the pleasure of seein' the other one in the flesh," said Arlen portentously. "He's been reported headin' this way."

"I'd a heap ruther look at his picture," Simmons said promptly. "It's safer."

Hi Dolliver snorted. "If Rod Harkness had felt like that, Harper'd still be alive to steal and kill."

"This Harkness feller gits paid for bein a Marshal, don't he?"

"He won't never die rich on his wages," Dolliver retorted.

"All right, you skinny m'rink! What would *you* do?"

"Shoot it out with the skunk, that's what!" Dolliver shouted.

"Haw, haw!" Pete Crabtree guffawed. "And him never carryin' a gun, and not knowin' the butt end from the barrel!"

"I'm a key-puncher, not a cowpuncher," Dolliver flashed. "But I notice 'you pack *two* irons."

Crabtree rubbed his chin reflectively. "Reckon I wouldn't use 'em." He went out and came back with his lariat. "Let him come," he said. "This Harkness feller can kill for glory, but I'll capture for cash."

"Me, I'd hit him over the head with a bottle," said Arlen dreamily. "Just enough to put him to sleep."

"Better to shoot him in the knees," suggested another of the saloon's patrons.

"I suppose Murdock will be just lazin' around," Dolliver jeered, "waitin' for you to do all them things." The telegrapher spat accurately into the cuspidor ten feet away. "I only hope he comes."

He scowled ferociously at a lean-cheeked, smooth-faced, mild looking man in eastern dress. Pointedly, he added: "When he does, this'll be no place for tenderfeet."

The man's eyes flickered a little. "Is this Murdock fellow such a dangerous man?" he asked quietly.

"Friend—" began Mart Simmons, grasping his arm.

"Smith's the name," the stranger said, unobtrusively disengaging himself.

"Smith," Simmons began again, but Pete Crabtree stepped between them, taking over the pleasure of "hoorawing" the tyro.

"He's a killer," Crabtree said in hard tones. "Even more low-down than that, he's a horse thief. Why, I heard tell once what he did to a tenderfoot over to Hartsville. Used him for target practice, he did. Stood him up against the wall and shot off the tips of his ears. Tenderfoot didn't dare move. Didn't do him no good, though. When Murdock sees the red drops twinklin' down, the wolf inside of him starts to slaver, and he empties his gun into that po'r tenderfoot!"

"Shut up, Pete," Arlen said. "Murdock's ornery enough without you havin' to add your tomato sauce to the blood on his hands." He ripped the Frank Harper poster twice across, savagely. "Here's hopin' it won't be long before I can do the same for the other." He shook his fist at the bearded face on the wall.

"This Harkness hombre," said Simmons, preparing to go back to his game, "where's he hail from? What's he look like?"

"Ain't never seed him," muttered Arlen absently. His eyes were counting up the crowd. "Quiet, smooth-faced gent, they say." The saloon-owner's glance flicked past the group that included the tender-foot. "Surge up to the bar, boys," he finally bellowed, "and celebrate the Harper demise. Drinks on the house!"

Amid whoops and laughter, the men thronged three deep against the bar. Arlen set out the glasses—*clink, clink, clink*—along its length. Then, pulling the cork from a fresh bottle, he commenced to fill. He did it with a kind of rhythm—a short step, a deft wrist motion, down, up, another step——

He stopped short. In the forefront of the crush, at the center of the bar and separated from him by only a foot and a half, was——

"Tain't so," Arlen's mind whispered. "I'm dreamin' it."

He wrenched his gaze down the line for confirmation of what his eyes told him. But the others, jostling for position and hilariously awaiting their free drinks, hadn't noticed anything yet. Arlen, like a bird fascinated by a serpent, bent his gaze once again on the unbelievable—the bushy-bearded countenance, out of which peered, with unnerving steadiness, a pair of narrow, bloodshot eyes.

"Who—who are you?" he stammered inanely. "Didn't see you around before."

"Happened in when you were yellin' your invite," replied a voice hoarse with alkali dust. "Got shoved up front. What's the matter? Don't I rate a drink?"

"Sure—sure," Arlen hastened to answer.

He was aware, now, that the Tivoli was quiet. There was some shoving and pushing, a gradual and mutual withdrawal from the bar, with an unsuccessful attempt at casualness.

Unsteadily, Arlen poured the drink. The stranger gulped it down and turned. Arlen's fingers curled around the neck of the bottle. But the stranger had swung only halfway, and Arlen's fingers reluctantly unwrapped themselves.

The bloodshot eyes darted from man to man, like those of an animal inspecting a new hunting ground for hidden dangers. The man was sensing hostility and was hostile in turn. He hadn't yet noticed the reward poster on the wall.

"What you staring at?" he snapped abruptly at Pete Crabtree.

Pete jumped as though stung. "Nothin'," he said. Nervously, he hung his lariat back on his belt.

"And you! Am I spavined or somethin', that you're lookin' at my legs thataway?"

"N-no . . . sir," said the would-be knee-shatterer.

Blackbeard's gaze continued to jump from face to face. It stopped short——

The thunder of battle broke suddenly. The mild-mannered Mr. Smith darted a hand under his vest, came up with a heavy Colt. Bob Arlen saw the movement. This smooth-faced man—Arlen had a hunch!

Then he groaned. Fast as Smith was, the other had been faster. The heavy gun seemed to leap right into his right hand without benefit of draw. It bucked twice. The first bullet shattered Smith's wrist, the second smashed into his thigh and brought him to the floor. He was out of action.

"Stay put, everybody," the victor ordered sharply. He drew another gun, the better to cover the stunned gathering.

Bob Arlen stiffened almost imperceptibly. The swinging doors of the Tivoli had been pushed open quietly, and Hi Dolliver stood on the threshhold. Arlen hadn't even missed him. Dolliver must have stolen out in the first moment of confusion. Now he was back—with two guns!

He aimed them steadily and squarely at the broad and unsuspecting back of the man who held the others at his mercy.

At that moment, Blackbeard's glance lit on the reward poster. He jerked his head toward it. "You can take that down," he said harshly.

"Sure—sure," said Arlen, like a man attempting to humor a mad dog.

Blackbeard noted the light spot on the wall alongside the poster. "I see you had another one up there," he said. "Frank Harper?"

"Yeah."

"Well," said Blackbeard, "at least I didn't have to *kill* Murdock."

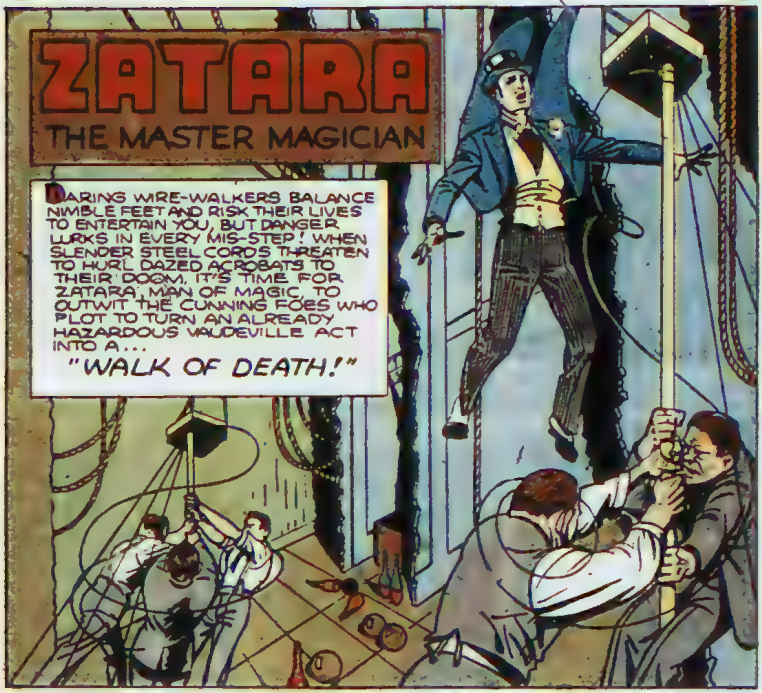
Arlen's face went the color of chalk. His mouth opened and closed. No sounds came out of it. It was only a second, but it seemed like an eternity to him before he could shriek: "Don't 'shoot, Hi! For Pete's sake, don't shoot!"

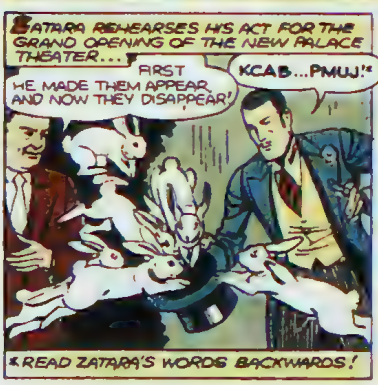
Blackbeard whirled. "What the——"

Dolliver's guns went off, but so shaken had he been by Arlen's cry that the bullets went wild. Then Arlen, who had vaulted the bar, was on top of him and wrestling the guns away. Panting, the saloon-keeper turned, looked at Blackbeard, pointed a trembling and questioning finger at the smooth-faced man who was groaning on the floor.

The stranger's eyes followed the finger, then strayed to the reward poster. He drew a marshal's badge from his pocket. "Chasin' the Harpers and the Murdocks, a man don't get much time to shave," he said with dry comprehension. "I let my whiskers sprout. Looks like Murdock had a chance to cut his off, but I knew him when he was smooth-shaven. You folks got kind of mixed up, didn't you?" His bearded, grimy face broke into a grin.

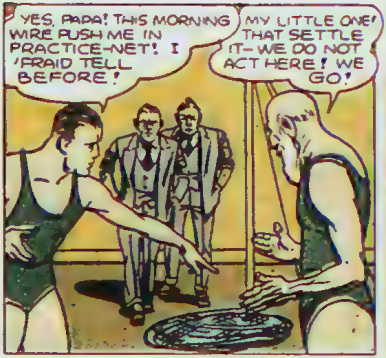
"Drinks on the house!" Arlen shouted out of a full heart—and this time he didn't count the cost beforehand.

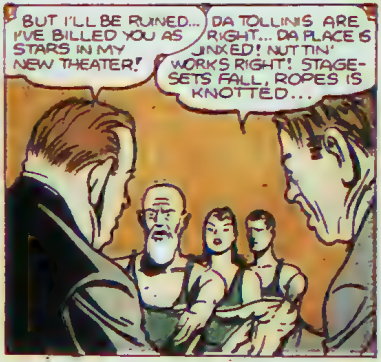

ZATARA
THE MASTER MAGICIAN
DARING WIRE-WALKERS BALANCE NIMBLE FEET AND RISK THEIR LIVES TO ENTERTAIN YOU, BUT DANGER LURKS IN EVERY MIS-STEP! WHEN SLENDER STEEL CORDS THREATEN TO HURL DAZED ACROBATS TO THEIR DOOM, IT'S TIME FOR ZATARA, MAN OF MAGIC, TO OUTWIT THE CUNNING FOES WHO PLOT TO TURN AN ALREADY HAZARDOUS VAUDEVILLE ACT INTO A...
"WALK OF DEATH!"

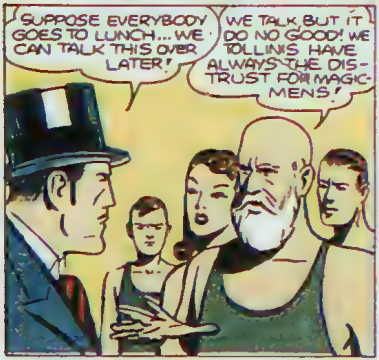

ZATARA REHEARSES HIS ACT FOR THE GRAND OPENING OF THE NEW PALACE THEATER...
FIRST HE MADE THEM APPEAR AND NOW THEY DISAPPEAR!
KCAB...PMUJ!*
*READ ZATARA'S WORDS BACKWARDS!

YOU'LL BE THE HIT OF THE SHOW, ZATARA!
THANK YOU, DANTON, BUT THESE TUMBLING TOLLINIS WILL REALLY THRILL THE AUDIENCE TONIGHT!

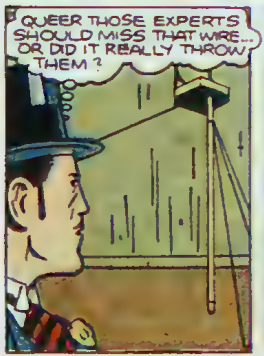
WATCH YOUNG TOLLINI! YOU'LL SEE WHAT I MEAN!
A DOUBLE SOMERSAULT! PERFECT!
WOW!
HE LOOKS DAZED! AND HE'S FALLING! THERE'S NO NET!
THE EMERGENCY CALLS FOR ZATARA'S MAGIC!
EPOR LIOC TÚOBA NAM!
YOU'VE CAUGHT HIM!
NOT YET... LET'S GET DOWN TO THE STAGE!
WHAT HAPPENED?
HE LOOKS SHOCKED WITH FRIGHT!
NO...NOT AFRAID! BUT WIRE...IT PUSH ME OFF!
YOU NEVER MISS IN CIRCUS! THIS NEW THEATER MAYBE BRING BAD LUCK!
2

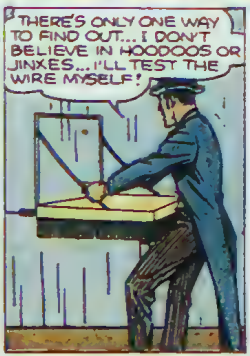

YES, PAPA! THIS MORNING WIRE PUSH ME IN PRACTICE-NET! I 'FRAID TELL BEFORE!
MY LITTLE ONE! THAT SETTLE IT— WE DO NOT ACT HERE! WE GO!


BUT I'LL BE RUINED... I'VE BILLED YOU AS STARS IN MY NEW THEATER!
DA TOLLINS ARE RIGHT... DA PLACE IS JINXED! NUTTIN' WORK'S RIGHT! STAGE-SETS FALL, ROPES IS KNOTTED...


SUPPOSE EVERYBODY GOES TO LUNCH... WE CAN TALK THIS OVER LATER!
WE TALK, BUT IT DO NO GOOD! WE TOLLINS HAVE ALWAYS THE DISTRUST FOR MAGIC-MENS!

THEY WON'T GO ON, AND THEY'LL SCARE THE OTHER ACTS! I'M SUNK...
CALM DOWN, GEORGE... GET A BITE TO EAT! I'LL LOOK AROUND!


QUEER THOSE EXPERTS SHOULD MISS THAT WIRE... OR DID IT REALLY THROW THEM?

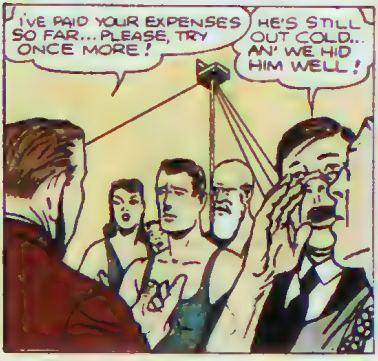

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT... I DON'T BELIEVE IN HOODOOS OR JINXES... I'LL TEST THE WIRE MYSELF!

WITHOUT USING MAGIC EITHER... THIS EQUIPMENT IS PERFECT!
3

BUT OFFSTAGE...
C'MON... LET'S MAKE THIS HIS LAST WALK!
SURE EVERYTHING'S STILL SET!
HMM... THAT'S STRANGE ... SOMETHING IS BURNING!
MY SHOES! THEY'RE RUBBER-SOLED, BUT THEY'VE BEEN SINGED! SO THAT'S IT!
SNEAK UP ON HIM... HIS BACK'S TURNED!
FOOTSTEPS BEHIND ME!
WE'LL HAVE TO FINISH THIS BY HAND!
OF COURSE... THOSE STAGEHANDS!
SBULC GNIWS! TIH NEM!
OOWW! STOP IT, SPIKE!
SLLAB LLAF! NIPS!
OWW! ME HEAD!

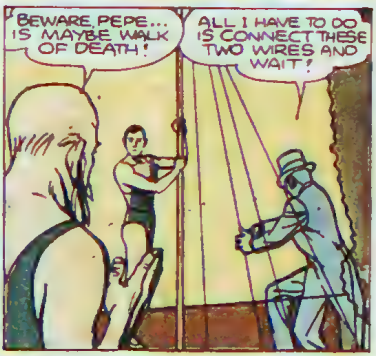
SBULC! ELGGUJ NEM!
HE'S STANDING JUST RIGHT... I'LL FIX 'IM!
THERE'S A CLUB FOR YOUR HEAD, ZATARA!
HE'S OUT... I'LL GET ROPES AND SOME CANVAS!
HURRY... BEFORE HE COMES TO!
BUT WHERE KIN WE HIDE HIM?
DAT'S EASY! WID HIS EYES AN' HANDS COVERED HE'S POWERLESS!
NOBODY'LL NOTICE 'IM UP IN DAT SCENERY!
AN' AFTER DIS THEATER'S RUINED ...WE KIN GIT RID OF HIM!
NOW WE'LL KEEP BLASTIN' DEM ACROBATS OFF DAT WIRE! DIS SHOW'LL NEVER OPEN!
HAW! HAW! DA OWNER'LL THINK ZATARA RAN OUT ON HIM!

LATER, AS ZATARA SLOWLY REVIVES...
I FEEL EMPTY AIR BELOW ME ... WHERE AM I?
I'M HIGH UP IN THE SCENERY... HERE'S A DOOR FROM A STAGE-SET...
MAYBE IT HAS METAL HINGES ... IT HAS!
I'LL SOON BE FREE!
THOSE YEGGS MIGHT FLEE IF THEY FOUND ME GONE! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!
THIS DUMMY WILL FOOL THEM!
HERE THEY COME.. ARATAZ EB ELBISIVNI!


I'VE PAID YOUR EXPENSES SO FAR... PLEASE, TRY ONCE MORE!
HE'S STILL OUT COLD.. AN' WE HID HIM WELL!

NO ONE SHALL SAY I FEAR THE WIRE.
I'M SURE IT WAS JUST AN ACCIDENT BEFORE!

GIT READY TO BLAST HIM... GIVE HIM THE WHOLE WORKS!
I'LL TURN ON DA HOT-FEET! HAW! HAW!
SO, THAT'S THEIR GAME!


BEWARE, PEPE... IS MAYBE WALK OF DEATH!
ALL I HAVE TO DO IS CONNECT THESE TWO WIRES AND WAIT!

NOW FOR SOMERSAULT!
PULL DAT SWITCH!

BUT CLEVERLY CONCEALED WIRES HAVE BEEN SHORTED BY ZATARA...
I MAKE IT! NO FALL!
LOOK... BLUE FLAME! IS SURELY A CURSE!

EEEEEEEEE!
HEY-SUMPIN'S WRONG!

LEGGO! YA GOT ME DOIN' IT!
EB ELBISIV!
IT'S ZATARA... HE'S UP IN DA SCENERY... BUT DERE'S TWO OF HIM!
AN' ONE WUZ BAD ENOUGH! EOOWW!
CIRTCELE EKAT TSAL ETIB!
I MISSED YOU... I THOUGHT...
NO, I DIDN'T DESERT YOU, GEORGE! BUT THESE STAGEHANDS DID!
WE'LL CONFESS...WE'LL TELL! ONLY NO MORE MAGIC!
WE WUZ HIRED BY DE BIJOU THEATRE MANAGER ACROSS DA STREET TO CLOSE YER SHOW! WE SET WIRES... AN' WUZ SHOCKIN' DESE ACROBATS!
THEN THERE IS NO CURSE... WE CAN DO OUR ACT!
THAT EVENING... A GALA OPENING!
THEY'RE A HIT... AND YOUR SHOW'S A SUCCESS!
THANKS TO ZATARA... WHO DOES HIS BEST TRICKS OFF STAGE!
8

THESE CAN BE YOURS

Look them over, Fellers! Just a few of the many PRIZES that will guarantee you loads of fun the year round. Baseball, Football, Fishing and Camping Equipment. Model planes you can build and fly, sturdy pocket knives and even tires for your bike. Yes sir—plenty of peachy prizes for boys who believe in getting what they go after. Here's a golden opportunity for you to earn Prizes and Money too. It's fun. It's easy!

All you have to do to earn Prizes like these, and a Cash Income of your own is deliver Collier's Magazine to customers whom you obtain right in your own neighborhood. Takes only a small part of your spare time, and will not interfere with school or other activities. Why, in no time at all, you'll have a business of your own, a regular income, and Prizes that will be the envy of all your buddies.

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Fill out and mail coupon at once. I'll send you my free Prize Book and start you earning Money and Prizes for delivering Collier's to customers you obtain. If you don't want to clip coupon, then write to MR. JIM THAYER, DEPT. 46, THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING CO., SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

MR. JIM THAYER, DEPT. 46
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.
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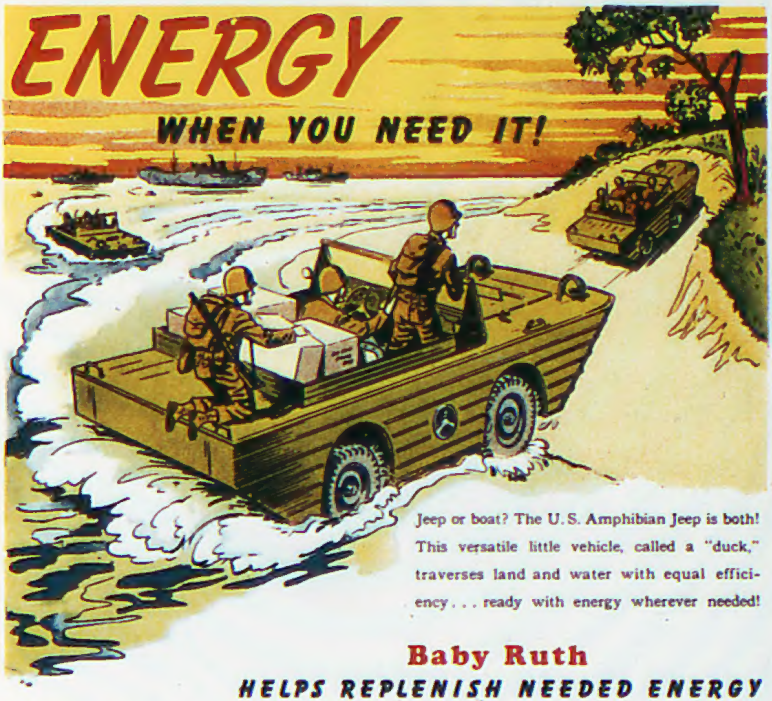
STATE _____

GET STARTED NOW - -

ENERGY

WHEN YOU NEED IT!



Jeep or boat? The U. S. Amphibian Jeep is both! This versatile little vehicle, called a "duck," traverses land and water with equal efficiency . . . ready with energy wherever needed!

Baby Ruth

HELPS REPLENISH NEEDED ENERGY

When our body motor runs low and fatigue sets in, Baby Ruth Candy is ideal "perk-up" fuel . . . its food-energy helps to carry a job through to the finish! Baby Ruth has followed through from civilian life to Front Lines. To our fighters everywhere, Baby Ruth is bringing dextrose-rich nourishment . . . refreshing goodness . . . good cheer. Remember this, please, if you must ask again tomorrow for the Baby Ruth you would have enjoyed today!

Uummm . . . Baby Ruth Cookies are delicious . . . easy-to-make!

RECIPE ON EVERY WRAPPER

If you cannot find Baby Ruth *on the candy counter, remember Uncle Sam's needs come first with us as with you.*

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY · Producers of Fine Foods · CHICAGO 13, ILLINOIS

★ ★ ★ BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★ ★ ★

ENERGY

WHEN YOU NEED IT!

Jeep or boat? The U. S. Amphibian Jeep is both! This versatile little vehicle, called a "duck," traverses land and water with equal efficiency . . . ready with energy wherever needed!

Baby Ruth

HELPS REPLENISH NEEDED ENERGY

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If you cannot find Baby Ruth *on the candy counter, remember Uncle Sam's needs come first with us as with you.*

When our body motor runs low and fatigue sets in, Baby Ruth Candy is ideal "perk-up" fuel . . . its food-energy helps to carry a job through to the finish! Baby Ruth has followed through from civilian life to Front Lines. To our fighters everywhere, Baby Ruth is bringing dextrose-rich nourishment . . . refreshing goodness . . . good cheer. Remember this, please, if you must ask again tomorrow for the Baby Ruth you would have enjoyed today!

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CURTISS CANDY Baby Ruth RICH IN DEXTROSE

★ ★ ★ BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★ ★ ★